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HISTORICAL DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

JEWETT CITY, CONN.,

April 25th, 1875.

BY

REV. THOMAS LEFFINGWELL SHIPMAN.

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NORWICH:
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TO
CHARLES JOHNSON,
A LOVER OF HIS NATIVE PLACE
AND ALL THAT PERTAINS TO ITS WELFARE,
THIS DISCOURSE
IS INSCRIBED BY HIS FRIEND, AND HIS FATHER'S FRIEND.
THE AUTHOR.

DISCOURSE.

"I HAVE CONSIDERED THE DAYS OF OLD, THE YEARS OF ANCIENT TIMES."

Psalm lxxvii., 5.

THE present owes much to the past ; and it is well to recall the names, and recount the deeds of our fathers. There is a growing disposition, and for one, I am glad to see it, to mark epochs in ecclesiastical and civil history, and to commemorate them in appropriate services ; especially historical discourses. I should not have selected for this semi-centennial occasion a text which carries our thoughts so far into the past, though fifty years ago seem ancient times to the youthful part of my audience, had I not proposed to precede our own ecclesiastical history with brief reminiscences of the Mother Church. Filial gratitude prompts us to make grateful mention of the source whence we sprang. We are an offshoot from the old Congregational Church of Griswold, then North Preston. We boast our birth. Puritan blood flows in our veins. Few churches in this part of the State, if we except the churches of Lebanon, have been more imbued with the Puritan element than the First Church of Griswold, now nearly two hundred years old ; and though a heterogeneous population is fast changing the character of our village, we still recognize in the older members of our church a good many features of the Puritan, not the least worthy of notice, *backbone*. I can remember when the church in North Preston was one of the largest in New London County, and its pastor one of the most influential ministers in the State. I was present at his funeral. I remember just how DR. BENEDICT looked, as he pronounced slowly and solemnly his text, Zech. i., 5 : "Your fathers, where are they ; and the prophets, do they live for ever ?" I remember the subdued tone in which Dr. Strong, of Norwich, my own minister, the next

morning repeated the text of his commemorative discourse : Acts viii., 3 : "And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." [The funeral sermon, proper, was preached by Dr. Benedict, Saturday afternoon. Dr. Strong preached Sabbath morning, and Mr. Tyler, of Preston, supplied the vacant pulpit in the afternoon.] At that time there was but one ecclesiastical society, where there are now seven. The congregation was, of course large, much larger than any which we are now permitted to gather, for the increase of population bears no proportion to the multiplication of houses of worship.

The first pastor of this ancient church was REV. HEZEKIAH LORD. Mr. Lord was born in Saybrook, March 19th, 1698; he graduated at Yale College in 1717, was ordained November, 1720, died June, 1761. Dr. Benjamin Lord, of Norwich, preached at his ordination, and lived to preach his funeral sermon. I am not able to give reminiscences of his ministry, but on the principle, "like people like priest," he must have been a very good man. I have been intimately acquainted with some of his numerous descendants, and they are among the "excellent of the earth." I sustain to-day a very near relation, by affinity, to one of his great granddaughters. The inscription on his tombstone shows in what estimation he was held by his people : "He early devoted himself to the service of God, and being blessed-with a kind, benevolent temper, added to a natural modesty of behavior was very successful in promoting the pure religion of his Heavenly Master, and having diligently and faithfully discharged his duties, died in peace." "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

I pass to notice the ministry of his successor, REV. LEVI HART, whom a few before me remember, and of whom many before me have often heard. His name is pronounced by all who remember him, with singular reverence and affection. He was the son of Thomas Hart, of Southington, Conn., educated at Yale College, graduated in 1760, studied theology with the celebrated Dr. Bellamy, of Bethlehem. During his residence in Dr. Bellamy's family he became engaged to one of the Doctor's daughters, which resulted in their marriage soon after his settlement at North Preston. The funeral sermon occasioned by her death, which was published, is a fair specimen of his style of writing, and is remarkable as breathing a spirit of consecration to his work in the midst

of sorrow. It is entitled: "The Sacred Obligation of Christian Ministers to Improve their Personal Sorrows for the Benefit of their People." His wife died Dec. 24, 1787; in October, 1790, he formed a second matrimonial connection with Mrs. Backus, widow of Nathaniel Backus, of Norwich,—her maiden name was Lydia Leffingwell, sister of the great uncle whose name I have the honor to bear. Dr. Hart possessed rare ministerial qualifications. With superior natural gifts, and a thorough academical and theological training, he could not but be an instructive preacher. Conversing not long since with an earnest Christian, and speaking of a certain sensational preacher, he observed, "he is brilliant, but he does not edify." If not brilliant, Dr. Hart did edify. He was distinguished as a Hebrew scholar. I have often heard my old aunt, who spent her last days in my father's family, and who never wearied talking of her Preston life, recalling interesting anecdotes of the Coits, and Tylers, and Morgans, and Lords, and Lesters, say that Manasseh Prentice, a very godly neighbor, when he called at their house used often to ask Mr. Hart to read from his Hebrew Bible, saying "I don't understand a word, but I love to hear the good book in the language in which it was first written." When Dr. Hart died it was said that half the Hebrew of eastern Connecticut died with him, and when Dr. Benedict died it was said that the remainder followed. Dr. Hart's reputation as a divine drew to him students in theology, for he lived long before the days of Theological Seminaries. Among his pupils were Dr. Asa Burton, afterwards famous as the author of what is familiarly known as "The Taste Scheme." Dr. Charles Backus, a native of Franklin, and settled in Somers, was another of his pupils, a man of great worth; he died young of consumption, but not till he had made his mark upon the age. Dr. Dwight, in the second volume of his "Travels in New England and New York," has paid a most affectionate tribute to the memory of his classmate. Another of his pupils was Nathaniel Howe, of Hopkinton, Mass., the man who in his century sermon, among other things equally plain (I quote *verbatim et literatim*) said: "I have sometimes administered reproof, both to the church and society, in a manner that has been thought to discover some degree of severity, but in these cases you have always had the good sense to know that you richly deserved it." Mr. Asahel Huntington, another native of Franklin, and who married a granddaughter of the Rev. Hezekiah Lord,

pursued his theological studies in part with Dr. Hart. He commenced with Dr. Charles Backus, and completed his course with Dr. Hart. He was settled at Topsfield, Mass., Dr. Hart preaching at his ordination. He died in the midst of his strength and usefulness, April 22, 1813, after an illness of four days, and he sleeps to-day among the people whom he served faithfully in the Gospel for nearly a quarter of a century, beloved in life and lamented in death. I have it from the pen of one of his kinsmen that "he always spoke of his last theological teacher in terms of the highest respect and warmest gratitude."

Dr. Hart excelled as a pastor. My mother grew up under his pastoral care, and she was such a woman as you would expect to grow up under the ministry of such a pastor. In a foot note to the anniversary sermon entitled, "The Importance of Fidelity in the Education of Children," is the statement, "Thirteen schools are annually maintained in the society during the winter, which are visited at the close of the season by the pastor, in company with the civil authority and selectmen, to inspect their manners and improvement in learning, and their knowledge in the Assembly's Catechism, and to give them instruction adapted to their age, and especially on the nature and importance of early virtue and piety." He was remarkable for noticing children. He would lay his hands upon their heads, meantime giving them a few words of counsel. He seemed ever to have in mind the direction of the Good Shepherd: "Feed my lambs." While grave constitutionally, and on principle, he was yet affable. He would recognize every one whom he met, and it was characteristic of him to converse with old and young upon things which they understood, and in which they were interested; thus in a very proper manner, though perhaps not in the way in which Paul declared it of himself, he "became all things to all men." His temper was mild, and his address winning. At one time there lived in the south part of the parish a man who had suffered himself, for some reason or other, to feel bitter towards everything connected with religion; he forbade the schoolmaster to teach his children the catechism; he did not attend public worship, and threatened if the minister ventured to enter his house to turn him out. Not long after visiting the school in his district, Mr. Hart took his horse one pleasant morning and rode down to call upon this pugnacious spirit. He was out in the field, and his wife sent for him tremblingly, not knowing

how he would meet the minister. As he came in Mr. Hart accosted him very pleasantly, and soon spoke of visiting the school a few days before. "Your children, Mr. Starkweather, are very good scholars." Mr. Starkweather excused himself for a moment. On opening the kitchen door his first word was: "Wife, I am going to ask Mr. Hart to stay to dinner, and we must give him our best." Mr. Hart stayed and dined. On leaving he said: "Mr. Starkweather, take your wife and come up and make us a visit." From that time Mr. Starkweather became friendly and began to attend meeting. In a notice of Dr. Hart published soon after his death, among many things to his praise the writer says, that "his frequent calls to heal breaches in other churches;—in his own he had none—his being often elected to preside in ecclesiastical councils; the number of young gentlemen who were by him trained to the ministry; his election to the office of trustee of Dartmouth, and afterwards of Yale College, and of the Missionary Society, of which he was one of the founders, sufficiently attest in what estimation he was held by the public."

I have dwelt so long on the memory of Dr. Hart that I must pass rapidly over the ministry of his successors. He was followed by MR. HORATIO WALDO, a native of Coventry, Conn., born March 5, 1778, and ordained at North Preston, February 14, 1810; his uncle, the Rev. Daniel Waldo, preaching on the occasion. He was dismissed in August, 1828. I remember him well. I spent a Sabbath with him at an early stage of my own ministry. He was small of stature, but you could not say that his "bodily presence was weak;" for no man can have a weak presence with such a sharp black eye. He, too, was an able preacher, and a faithful pastor; but his health, never strong, became so impaired that he was compelled to ask a dismission. He removed to Portage, N. Y., where he died about thirty years since. The next pastor was REV. SPOFFORD D. JEWETT, installed February, 1830; dismissed June, 1836. He was succeeded by REV. WILLIAM R. JEWETT, installed in December, 1836; and dismissed in July, 1843. These pastorates were of nearly equal length, including in their aggregate between twelve and thirteen years. Both of these brethren, now in advanced life, have since fulfilled very useful ministries; the one in Connecticut, the other in New Hampshire, and are both now without charge. Mr. Spofford D. Jewett residing at Middlefield, in this State, and Mr. William R. Jewett at

Fisherville, N. H. I pass over any special notice of the ministry of REV. ROSWELL WHITMORE, for two years—a stated supply—and the pastorate of less than five years of REV. CALVIN TERRY. But I must pause at the name of my tried friend, the REV. BENNETT F. NORTHROP, who labored in word and doctrine with the church at Pachaug for seventeen years, till declining health compelled him to sever ties which we had hoped would be dissolved only with death. His remains repose to-day among the people with whom he last lived and labored as a pastor. We laid him in the grave on one of the cold days of the last memorably cold winter. The attendance at his burial was larger than was to have been expected—the roads rendered almost impassable by snow-drifts. The sermon on the occasion, from the lips of a classmate and room-mate, Dr. Arms, of Norwich, was appropriate and impressive; the text itself containing a whole sermon: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." If Mr. Northrop did not die in the harness he had scarcely put it off when a voice whispered: "Come up higher;" and quitting the tabernacle in which it had long "groaned, being burdened," his spirit returned to God; and he who loved the Master's work here is now, we cannot doubt, with those who rest not, but serve God day and night in his temple.

I have dwelt the longer upon these reminiscences because I think we are greatly indebted for "whatsoever things among us are true, and whatsoever things are honest, and whatsoever things are just, and whatsoever things are pure, and whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report," to the mother from whose loins we sprang. Pachaug is, in some respects, greatly changed since my boyhood; most strikingly in the entire disappearance of one name then so common. The house in which my mother was born now accommodates the town poor. Where Coits were to be counted by scores there is now not one to honor the name; and I think of but three living who were born in North Preston: Deacon George Coit, of Norwich; his brother William, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Dr. Daniel T. Coit, who has lately come from Boston to reside in Norwich. The question will by this time suggest itself: "Why did the families in this village and vicinity break away from their old Christian home when they did, and as they did?" Not certainly

from any alienation of feeling, for then they would not have continued so long to travel over a hard road, a succession of hills, often blocked up by snow-drifts in the winter. It cost some of them, I happen to know, a severe struggle to break a fellowship so sacred, to sever ties so tender; but they felt it their duty. A large woolen mill had been for some time in successful operation near the head of the village, and a place of worship was greatly needed for the accommodation of the operatives in it, some of whom at least would be more likely to spend the Sabbath fishing in summer and skating in winter than walking three miles to church; and the prospect was, that on so inviting a stream other mills would ere long be erected. I may as well say in this place as in any other, that the time is coming,—I will not call it “the good time coming,”—when “City,” as appended to “Jewett,” will not be such a misnomer as it has hitherto been. This place is destined to be one of the manufacturing centers of Connecticut. It has advantages for manufacturing unsurpassed, and the day is not distant when some corporation will bring out the invaluable privilege on the Quinebaug, and employ it in such kinds of manufacturing business as they may judge for their own interest, and perchance for the interest of the community. In tracing our early ecclesiastical history, we must not fail to acknowledge the part acted by that eminently good man, Harlan Page. His residence in our village in the summer of 1821, was brief, but every waking moment of it seemed to be occupied in doing good. In his diary, the only one that he appears ever to have kept, and which is to be found in his memoir, he has in one place the record, “I do think a *faithful minister* stationed here might do incalculable good. It is indeed missionary ground.” Again, August 2d, we read, “Attended a meeting to devise means for *obtaining a faithful minister*, to be settled and to devote his labors constantly to the village.” Several years elapsed before the incipient movement thus recorded resulted in effective action. An unfinished stone edifice stood in the upper part of the village, erected by an Episcopal Church, which had an existence from 1814 to 1818; the rector proving unworthy, his ministry ceased and with it the project of establishing Episcopal worship was abandoned. From 1818 to 1825 the house accommodated various denominations, particularly the Baptist. “On the 18th of February,” I extract from the society records, “a meeting was called to take measures for organiz-

ing a Congregational Society in Jewett City, to be known and called THE SECOND CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY OF GRISWOLD. At an adjourned meeting held March 14th, the society was fully organized and the proper officers appointed." It consisted at its organization of forty-five members, a large proportion of whom are now with the dead. The place of worship vacated by the extinction of the Episcopal Society was purchased by several individuals and deeded to the Congregational Society, and remodeled and dedicated Sept. 3d, 1828. This house, though unattractive to the passing traveler, is "beautiful" to my eyes, as the home of my entire ministry among you, and associated with many sacred and sweet recollections. After occupying it for thirty-eight years, the society sold it to the Roman Catholics, who now own it, and crowd its walls from Sabbath to Sabbath. The church consisted, at its organization, of twenty-three members. The first notice of its existence reads as follows: "At the request of the serious people of the Second Ecclesiastical Society in Griswold, Revs. Messrs. Samuel Nott, Levi Nelson, and Horatio Waldo, met at Jewett City on the 14th day of April, 1825, to organize a Church in this place, if it should be thought expedient. Statements having been made by a Committee of the Society, and certificates presented of the regular church membership of several persons who were desirous of being formed into a distinct church, with the consent of those churches to which they belonged, the organization was effected in due form, in connection with public services at their house of worship." Of the original members, twenty were by letter from the First Church in Griswold, two from the church in Newent, (Lisbon) and one from the Center Church in Hartford. Of the original members but four are living, Mrs. Elizabeth Barstow, Mrs. Mary W. Fanning, Mrs. Lucy P. Young, and Miss Sarah P. Phillips; one only, Mrs. Fanning, retaining her relation to this church.

The first pastor, MR. SETH BLISS, was installed June 25, 1825, and continued in this, his first and last pastorate, nearly seven years. Soon after his dismissal he was elected to the office of Corresponding Secretary of the American Tract Society, from which he retired several years since. He resides at present in Berlin, Conn. Now more than four score years, he came to this village young, and with a "mind to work," and finding in this new field work enough to do. Nor was he suffered to "labor in vain,

and spend his strength for naught." His pastorate included 1831, that year so remarkable for a wide spread revival of religion, and this infant church shared largely in the outpouring of the Spirit. Twenty-four were added to the church on profession the first Sabbath of July, the first fruits of the work; four in September and seven in November, making an aggregate of thirty-five. When Mr. Bliss revisits his old home, as he loves to, he meets few familiar faces, but he expresses an interest in this church which he feels in no other people. May he still live to pray for us, and to rejoice in our prosperity.

The next pastor was REV. GEORGE PERKINS. He was a native of Plainfield, a graduate of Yale College, and a lawyer in early public life. Soon after changing his profession he was settled for a few years at Ashburnham, Mass. He was installed as pastor of this church in August, 1832, and dismissed in September, 1838. I need not descant upon his ministry. Some of you remember in what manner he went in and out before you, serving you with all humility of mind, seeking not yours but you. He was never made to be a popular speaker, but he preached seven days in the week eloquently, by the power of a holy life. I met him at Norwich not long before his death. I said to him as we met: "You seem to walk lame!" He replied, "I have had a slight paralytic shock." "An uncle of mine," said I, "called it death knocking at the door," and he added, writing to a friend: "He does not generally knock many times." "I so regard it." "It does not trouble you?" "Oh no. I long to be gone. That last blow crushed me;" referring to the death of his son, who was instantly killed while employed in capturing a whale, by a stroke from the fluke of the monster.

Mr. Perkins was succeeded by MR. WILLIAM WRIGHT. Mr. Wright came fresh from the Theological Seminary in New Haven, and after laboring less than three years, asked for a dismissal, giving as his reason, inadequate support. He retired in the midst of a revival which added some twenty names to our small church. After leaving here he was employed for some time at Plainville; his last engagement was for ten years at South Windsor. He now resides near Middletown, farming, and I believe occasionally preaching. My own ministry commenced on the Sabbath following Mr. Wright's dismissal, the second Sabbath of May, 1842, and was protracted, either as stated supply or pastor, to the close

of May, 1856; fourteen years. I need not speak of my ministry, if it were becoming me to speak of it, for it is fresh in your recollection. Suffice to say, that whatever was good in it you appreciated beyond its value; and over its faults, many and great, you threw the mantle of charity. On the 29th of May, 1856, REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER was installed; the late Prof. Shepard, of Bangor, preaching on the occasion. Mr. Cheever was a native of Hallowell, Maine, and a graduate of Bowdoin College in that State. His ministry was fulfilled among us in stirring times, and his soul was stirred to its depths during all the time he was with us. The outrages in Kansas, and the execution of John Brown, whom he often styled in prayer and preaching "the martyr hero," called forth from his lips words of burning indignation, and from his pen denunciations couched in language having any element but tameness. Whatever may be thought of his modes of dealing with that "sum of villainies," American slavery, all will accord him the praise of sincerity; and his gospel sermons, as distinguished from discourses on the times, all will agree were among the best that it was ever their privilege to listen to. During his ministry twenty-seven were added to the church on profession, the most of them the fruits of a precious revival in 1858. From the time of Mr. Cheever's dismissal to the commencement of our present pastor's labors among us the pulpit was supplied by various persons, for periods longer or shorter, principally by Mr. Boss, Mr. Laird and myself. Mr. Boss is now settled at Putnam. Mr. Laird closed a brief but very faithful ministry at Hollis, N. H., dying with consumption August 20, 1874, aged 46 years. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Our present pastor commenced his labors with us as a temporary supply in the autumn of 1865, and was installed, in response to a unanimous call, May 3, 1866; Dr. Field, of New London, preaching on the occasion. He has now been with us nearly nine years as a pastor, during which he has labored diligently and faithfully. I shall not say what I certainly should were he at this moment absent, recreating in Colorado or California, but this much I may record to the praise of divine grace, that the church has been strengthened in numbers, and I trust in graces; also, under his pastoral care two revivals have been enjoyed, the first adding more than twenty, and the last more than forty to the church on profession. I have been often absent on the Sabbath, preaching to

vacant congregations in the vicinity, but when here I can witness how affectionately and earnestly he has presented plain, practical truth; never handling the Word of God deceitfully, but by manifestation of the truth commending himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God; and there is no brother within the circle of my ministerial acquaintance who has a fairer prospect of meeting at last the greeting: "Well done good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over a few things I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The present state of our church and society is prosperous. Instead of forty-seven, the aggregate membership of the church at the commencement of my ministry, we have now a membership of one hundred and forty-five; instead of great pecuniary weakness as a society, dependent upon missionary aid for our very existence, we have now a fund of \$8,000, placing the support of the gospel upon a fair financial basis; in place of the small house of worship with its cramped pulpit, its narrow aisles, its heavy galleries and its most uncomfortable seats, we have this spacious and comfortable edifice, with every convenience for our evening services—the small vestry, I was going to say parlor, for I always associate with it a pleasant parlor, for week day evenings and the larger one for Sabbath evenings—and what claims special mention, the incubus of debt, a nightmare for four years, lifted off, so that we stand to-day erect and breathe freely.* To-day we are not only free from debt but possess an estate, including the fund with this house and appurtenances, valued at \$25,000. Looking back from our present standpoint upon the way in which we have been led, we set up to-day our Ebenezer and inscribe upon it: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." If the Secretary of the Home Missionary Society of Connecticut were with us this afternoon, I should expect he would commence his five minute speech with "Brethren, you have a good record." †

*Our present house of worship[✓] was commenced in the spring of 1867, and dedicated Dec. 11th, of the same year. The pastor, the Rev. J. W. TUCK, preached on the occasion from Zech. iv., 7: "*And he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying grace, grace unto it.*"

† The afternoon was devoted to short addresses by the pastor of the church, Deacon Henry L. Johnson, Deacon John R. Tracy, Deacon Richard S. Lathrop, of Danielsonville, formerly a member of this church, Thomas A. Clark, Welcome

Yours in Christ,

In conclusion, let me remind you that our church is the foster child of the Domestic Missionary Society of Connecticut. From the time of its organization to the hour when the last dollar of the fund was subscribed, the Domestic Missionary Society made an annual appropriation of from \$75 to \$100, amounting in the aggregate to about \$27,000. We have already returned into their treasury about \$17,000, and we propose a "jubilee offering" this morning, as a token of our gratitude for their kindness in our day of need. The plan of a Domestic Missionary Society originated in our own County. At the time of Dr. McEwen's ordination in New London, in 1806, "eleven large contiguous parishes, stretching from Sterling to the seaboard on the line of Rhode Island, thence to the western boundary of East Lyme, thence northward to the southern line of Colchester, were destitute of Congregational ministers." One evening, in 1815, at the old parsonage, having Mr. Hart, of Stonington Point for his guest, the two brethren talked the matter over, and as the upshot of the conversation, they brought the subject a few weeks after before the District Association—contemplating at that time only a County Missionary Society. The result of the deliberations in the District Association was a "Home Missionary Society to repair the waste places of Connecticut and its vicinity." The project was brought before the General Association, at their next meeting in Farmington. The influence of Dr. Dwight's name, and advocacy of the plan, before the body was secured, and in course of the ensuing year a society was organized known for many years as the "Domestic Missionary Society of Connecticut," now better known as the "Home Missionary Society of Connecticut, Auxiliary to the American Home Missionary Society." The result of the consultation in the old parsonage at New London is to be seen to-day in changing a scene of moral desolation into a "field which the Lord hath blessed;"—in parts, "a watered garden;" and all over the State decayed and dying churches have been resuscitated, and are now, many of them, among the most efficient in our commonwealth, not indeed powerful in numbers, but in the strength which piety gives any church. The members of these retired and rural parishes—for not

A. Browning, James Johnson, and H. L. Reade. The older brethren recalled very interesting scenes in the early history of the church and society, and the younger spoke with satisfaction of recent events, showing that the children are "beloved for the father's sakes."

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a few of them are rural parishes—may be less known to the great world than their metropolitan brethren, but God knows them; and in these churches are found men and women who have power with God, and who call down blessings, not only upon themselves and their neighbors, but upon “a world that lieth in wickedness.” When this church shall celebrate its centennial in 1925, our country will no doubt embrace a population of more than one hundred millions. What the character of that population shall be, we tremble to ask. Shall it be educated, virtuous and happy; prosperous in the life that now is, and meet for that which is to come, or shall it be ignorant, degraded, and besotted, groping its way in the darkness of sin down to the shades of death? That question depends, under God, upon home evangelization. If the work of Home Missions is prosecuted with a zeal commensurate with its importance we have nothing to fear, but every thing to hope for from the disclosures of the future; but if the churches grow “weary in well doing,” and home evangelization fails to keep pace with the progress of population, it requires no prophet’s vision to read the doom of the land which we love to know by that charmed name, **OUR COUNTRY**. The God of our fathers, our God, our children’s God, bless our native land, “hallowed by so many prayers, rich with the garnered dust of saints, glorious with the triumphs of grace.” We are able to preach the Gospel in the length and breadth of our land, thus making it “the glory of all lands.” We need not fear impoverishing ourselves. “There is that scattereth and yet increaseth.” “He that watereth shall be watered himself.” The interests of one part of our country are the true interests of every other, and let us live and labor for our country, our whole country, our motto: “**OUR COUNTRY FOR THE SAKE OF THE WORLD;**” and to borrow the conclusion of one of the Reports of the American Home Missionary Society: “Our country will be saved, and the nations of the earth will rise in the light of it to glory and to God.”

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